She Didn't Know

By Mary Parrish

"I can't understand, Hilton, where you got your low ideas."

"'Low,' mother!" repeated the young man. "Did you say 'low?'"

"Yes, I did," answered Mrs. Flavia Bayes, with emphasis. "What else can you call it?"

"I can call it a good many other things," said her son, with some indignation. "The trouble is you refuse to see them."

"I should hope I did. My breeding and education have taught that humanity is not all on the same plane, either socially, mentally or spiritually. The day laborer, or common clerk, the butcher or the baker are not fitted to associate with my circle of friends, and you know it.

"That's true in the main. I don't think Simmons, the butcher, would be exactly comfortable in the company of Professor Askew, nor the grocer with Doctor Wakeman. Yet I'm not exactly sure," reflected young Bayes. "Either of those men—I mean the butcher or the grocer—may be pursuing lines of study it would be an advantage to your friends to know."

"Hilton! How can you talk such nonsense? You were born an aristocrat. You have been educated an aristocrat. You know these different classes of people can no more mix together than oil and water."

"How do you know that? What do you know about these people?" he demanded.

"Where do you get such ideas as you've just been expressing, and a lot more quite as crazy, if not from those people?"

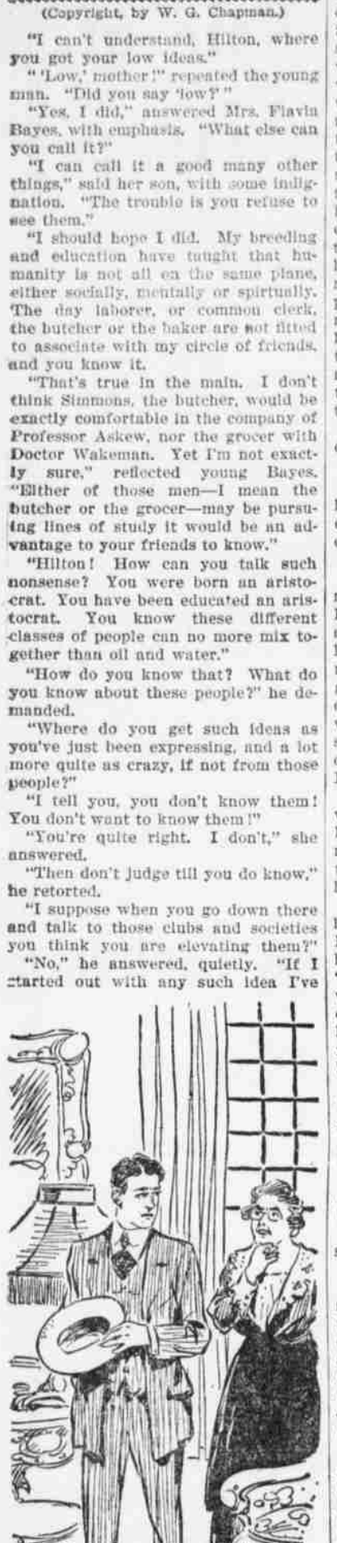
"I tell you, you don't know them! You don't want to know them!"

"You're quite right. I don't," she answered.

"Then don't judge till you do know," he retorted.

"I suppose when you go down there and talk to those clubs and societies you think you are elevating them?"

"No," he answered, quietly. "If I started out with any such idea I've



"I'm Not Going to Be Done Out of My Meeting."

had to change my views. It's the other way around. They are elevating me."

Mrs. Flavia Bayes stared in speechless amazement at her son. Things had come to a worse pass than she had even suspected.

"Hilton Bayes! Are you losing your senses?" she gasped.

"I hope not," he answered quietly. "Hadn't I better go now and look over those repairs you asked me to see about?"

He did not wait for further discussion, but went out of the room.

Mrs. Bayes was plainly troubled about her son, and the situation was aggravated when Helen Berkeley called and inquired if Hilton was still doing "those queer stunts down in the Bowery." She laughingly wondered what he thought he was going to achieve by his dip into socialism. The very word "socialism" had a startling, ominous sound to Mrs. Bayes. Good heavens! was her son being branded as a "socialist?" This certainly was the last straw. Then she opened her heart to Miss Berkeley and told her how troubled she was over the turn Hilton had taken and how powerless she seemed to be to influence him since he had got in with "that dreadful set." Miss Berkeley sympathized with her and confided the fact that others of their friends deeply deplored Hilton's "eccentric" departure from the straight and narrow path of "good society," thereby making matters much worse for the unsuspecting son in the eyes of his mother.

Miss Berkeley was implored to use her influence to turn the young man from the error of his ways, and promised, though with some misgiving. Mrs. Bayes was sure she detected a more than ordinary interest in the girl for her son, and was delighted at the discovery. She could not imagine a more suitable alliance for Hilton. Helen belonged to one of the best families in point of social position and wealth. She had always liked her, and the girl's ready sympathy for her in this matter endeared her more than ever. She determined if possible to bring them together. No doubt Helen would succeed where she had failed, for she reasoned that a man in love can be bent like a green sapling. So she proceeded to put her plan into execution. She invited Helen to the house, and saw to it that her son and the lady were thrown much together. At first when she set these times at hours when he was due at meetings he flatly refused to remain at home, so she had to conform to his dates, but when she thought she saw he was becoming more interested in Helen, she began to be more careless of the time, in the hope that he would forget his Bowery engagements. Hilton allowed this interference for two or three times, then he put his foot down firmly. He would not stand any more upsetting of his plans. Mrs. Bayes feared Helen was not succeeding as well as she had hoped, but she by no means gave up the battle. Then one day she experienced a shock. Hilton was leaving the house in the morning, and he turned to speak to her.

"Did you say Helen Berkely was dining here tonight?" he asked.

His mother answered that she was.

"Then I won't be home. You see—" he hesitated, "if I leave directly after dinner, she feels that it isn't exactly courteous to her—"

"Well, it isn't," said Mrs. Bayes.

"I'm not going to be done out of my meeting. So I'd better not come home. Besides I'm getting tired of Helen's attempts to 'convert' me. She doesn't know any more about the people she raves against than a sheep does of geometry. As to the great human question, the principle underlying the vast social structure, she is about as shallow as it's possible to be. It's out of the question to argue with her, and I refuse to be bored any more."

Mrs. Bayes was simply speechless with disappointment and rage, and allowed her son to depart with a look more expressive than words. Helen that night had also to acknowledge her defeat.

But the crowning shock to the unhappy mother came months later when Hilton announced to his mother he had become engaged to a girl of the "people," a Miss Bertha Stall, who worked as a stenographer, and wrote occasionally for a radical paper. She had also several times addressed their meetings. Hilton described her as a bright, brainy hardworking little girl.

"She's thoroughly in earnest about life," he added. "And she's unselfish and sensible. She'd make any man a good wife, and I think I'm a pretty lucky fellow."

"Oh, indeed!" responded his mother. "I should have supposed it was the other one who was 'lucky.'"

"Oh, you won't say that when you see her!" was the enthusiastic reply.

"I don't intend to see her."

Hilton stared at the coldly determined face in astonishment. But entreaties proved of no avail. At the close of a very stormy scene mother and son parted. She had told him he need never try to see her again till he had changed his views and given up the woman he thought of marrying.

So Hilton went his way. He married Bertha Stall, and they went on happily working together. Young Bayes had a fortune in his own right, so they set up a pleasant country home, and lived there when they were not working among the people. Years went by, and Mrs. Bayes never saw her son nor daughter-in-law nor spoke of them. One day at a meeting of several charitable societies which had combined to work together for a large benefit she was introduced to a pretty, well dressed young woman serving on one of the committees, and they fell into conversation, which became more and more interesting as they talked.

"Oh!" exclaimed the elder woman, "I must know you better! Won't you come and see me? I didn't catch your name."

"Nor I yours," laughed the other. "We'd better exchange cards."

The women looked at the bits of pasteboard in their hands, and experienced equal shocks. One read: "Mrs. Flavia Norton Bayes," the other, "Mrs. Hilton Bayes." Both were silent. The elder woman was the first to speak..

"Won't you come?" she said appealingly. "I do want to know you better!"

"Yes," answered the other, "if you will promise to stay and hear Hilton speak."

Mrs. Bayes promised. She listened to her son in a kind of dazed wonderment. He told these fashionable women how they could best help their less fortunate brothers and sisters. He deplored the worse than useless practice of wholesale "charities," and told them how they could really help by informing themselves of the real condition of the poor, and remembering first of all who was their neighbor whom the Christ had said they must love as themselves. This neighbor was not necessarily the one next door in the elegant mansion, but all humanity. Many other things which he put in a forcible, convincing way struck the soul of the mother like a great light illumining undreamed of heights.

After it was over, she went to her son and said: "Come home, both of you. Let us know each other."

Then Hilton drew her hand within his arm, and knew she understood. The three went on together.

MARRYING AGAINST WISHES OF FAMILY

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

An old farmhouse with meadows wide,
Sweet with clover on either side;
A bright-eyed youth, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed without,
Wished this one thought all the day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy I would be."

What youth of one and twenty and maid of sweet sixteen if they happened to become enamored of one another would not tell you that there is just one person in the world for them, and each has met that one? It is all in vain for relatives or friends to attempt to dissuade them from their feeling. The young man declares he will leave home and all belonging to him and go out into the world to earn fame and fortune for the girl he has chosen. The maid declares that if she cannot wed the hero of her heart she will never, never marry. Though her lips may not complain her sad eyes will be a reproach to those who have separated her from her love for all time to come.

How the parents are to deal with such a determined young couple is a problem. The youth's parents know that it is his nature to fall quickly in love, and as quickly climb out of it. The girl's parents realize that the kind of man who fills her fancy at sixteen she would possibly be heartily tired of at two and twenty.

They met at a ball. The girl in her tulle party dress, white gloves, white slippers and pink roses, looked very alluring. He has taken her home from dances, perhaps a half-dozen times and at the end of that time proposed marriage. Neither had peeped beyond the first chapter of the book of life. Their entire conversation had been about other girls and boys—what a jolly good time they had had at the skating rink or barn dance. Yet these two kidlings considered themselves in love and had the notion that they ought to wed.

The boy's father does his best to have a serious talk with his son, endeavoring to make him understand that married life is something more than continuous love-making; that it entails obligations, such as winning the support of two, to start with; that a pretty sweetheart transferred to the kitchenette is not always the amiable companion a youth fondly believes she would be.

The girl's parents do their best to make her understand that a young man should have at least a start in life before he essays matrimony; that all love-making, no work, would put out the kitchen fire. If, despite earnest parental advice on both sides, the young people take their own heads and marry, they have only themselves to blame for much of the tribulations that may follow. Parents on both sides should be eager for the match, then it will turn out happily.

PLAYERS "WITH A PAST" ARE POPULAR THIS YEAR

Return to Big Leagues of Bobby Wallace, Veteran of Veterans, Shows Trend of the Times.

Major league magnates and managers are showing a strong preference this year for ball players "with a past."

In ordinary times the big league pilots pay little attention to pill tossers who have seesawed back and forth from the minors to the big show. They usually break their necks bidding for the "phenoms" who spring up in the tall and uncut sticks, and they have paid some fabulous prices for this class of players.

But 1917 is no ordinary year. The majors have been slow to sign youngsters and seemingly eager to jump at the chance of getting players who have had big league experience, but who, because of age or some minor defects, have failed to stick on big time.

The recent signing of Bobby Wallace by the Cardinals is a most vivid example of this tendency. Bobby Wallace, the veteran of veterans; a player whose name appeared in the box

Bobby Wallace.

scores before Lajoie broke into the limelight, is back again in the role of utility infielder with the Cards.

His comeback marks finis to a 15-year absence from the National league, for he jumped from the Cardinals back in 1902 to cast his fortunes with the Browns, who were making their first start in St. Louis. His long years of service with the Browns and his ultimate release is remembered by all fans today. It seemed only natural that Wallace should step down and out, and when he was made a member of the Wichita (Western league) club the majors bid him good-by for all time.

But Wallace is back, and the owners of the Cardinals figure that he is a valuable asset, in which they are more than likely to be upheld by his work whenever the occasion arises to use him in the lineup.

The return of the veteran Wallace recalls the fact that 1917 has seen a number of players in the veteran class return to the big tent while hundreds of youngsters are pining their young lives away in the bush leagues for a chance. Ping Bodie, purchased last winter from the San Francisco club by Connie Mack, has made good with a vim since his return. Harry Walter and Charley Deal, brought back from the minor leagues by the Cubs, and Jim Thorpe, recalled by the Giants, and later sold to the Reds, are other examples.

Mother's Cook Book

The woman of moderate means, who markets in person, with a basket on her arm, often gets better goods for less money than her wealthy sister, who trusts to servants or the telephone and takes what the market merchant chooses to send her, in blissful ignorance of food values or food quality.

Some Cornmeal Dishes.

The rainy consistency of cornmeal is an advantage when used in griddle cakes or waffles, for it renders them very tender.

Cornmeal Pancakes.

Take two cupfuls of flour sifted with a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, with the same amount of salt. Add a cupful and a half of boiling water to a half-cupful of cornmeal, cook five minutes, turn into a bowl and add one and a fourth cupfuls of milk, one beaten egg, a third of a cupful of sugar and the flour mixture. Stir well, then add two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening. Cook on a greased griddle.

Mush that has been molded makes a delicious breakfast dish, by frying the slices in a little hot fat.

Cornmeal and Wheat Waffles.

Cook a half cupful of cornmeal, added very gradually to a cupful and a half of boiling water, for 20 minutes, then add a cupful and a half of milk, three cupfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1¼ tablespoonfuls of baking powder, 1½ teaspoonfuls of salt, the yolks and whites of two eggs beaten separately. When all is well mixed, add two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, just before adding the stiffly beaten whites.

Indian Pudding.

Cook five cupfuls of milk and a third of a cupful of cornmeal in a double boiler, a half cupful of molasses, a teaspoonful each of salt and ginger. Mix all together and pour into a buttered baking dish and bake two hours in a slow oven; serve with cream.

Cornmeal Doughnuts.

Put three-fourths of a cupful of milk and 1½ cupfuls of cornmeal into a double boiler and heat together ten minutes. Add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and a fourth of a cupful of shortening. Sift together 1¼ cupfuls of wheat flour with a teaspoonful of cinnamon and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add these and two well-beaten eggs to the meal. Roll out on a well-floured board, cut and fry in hot deep fat.

Nellie Maxwell

EPIGRHYMES:

I'd like to be as **FORTUNATE**
as lots of **MEN** I know who
rouse an agitation in all
hearts where'er they go. Now
take **YOUR** old friends Tyrus
Cobb; he lends the **COUNTRY,**
fans, in clever execution of
the tricks Hugh Jennings plans.
And then, in little, old New
York, **LIVES** "Muggsy," John McGraw, and many other notables
who follow "fame" quite raw
BECAUSE it's served to them
so fast there is no time to
cook the adulation that they
get each blessed way they look.
You've got to hand it to these
chaps; they've earned all they
have won, and it's worth while
to rouse the shout: "Gee!
Attaboy! Well done!" But, humbly,
may I ask of **YOU** to ponder
Garfield's thought: Behold our
land, in twenty years, and see
the men who fought in this, we
pray, the final war for everlasting peace, and hear all
nations' cry of thanks which
nevermore shall cease! And then
imagine, if you can, that
reverence multiplied ten-thousand times ten thousand, for
the Fighting Men—who **DIED!**

Robert Russell.

"Fortunate men your country lives because you died."

Brother Needed Attention.

Governor and Mrs. Stanley of Kentucky have an interesting young family. They are also regular Sunday school attendants. The youngest member of the house of Stanley has been very much indulged, but lately the wise mother has taught him that he must not ask God for such things as he coveted. The small heir ceased praying after that for a speckled pony and cart, which a little friend of his owned.

One night not long since the governor and his lady were entertaining guests in the executive mansion when the elder boy called his mother to the foot of the stairs. The visitors were amused to hear the lad saying, in a stage whisper:

"Mother, I wish you'd come up here to brother—he's worrying the Lord again about that speckled pony and dog-cart."—Harper's Magazine.

Less Unemployment Likely In America in Near Future As Result of the Great War

At present, and in all probability in the near future, according to a report of a medical committee on social insurances reported in the American Medical Journal, this country will have less and less unemployment, and there is no question that with the war and with the destruction of life and peoples in Europe, in the very countries from which, in recent years, this country has drawn its vigorous unskilled labor, the immigration which has come to these shores so abundantly will enormously diminish, and there will be a dearth of labor and a rise in wages.

At present, however, there is no question that even in good times the wage earners of this country are unemployed for from one-fifth to one-fourth—20 to 25 per cent—of the working days of the year. Those who are dependent on their daily wages have thus to consider a further diminution of what is apparently their actual wage. All investigations on the amount of wages have shown that about four-fifths of the men and nineteen-twentieths of the women earn less than $600 a year to support their families, and this amount of wage is not able, even in this country, to support those families on a fair standard of living. This is one cause of the enormous mass of woman and child labor.

Serenity in Thick of Broil.

The environment of the commander in chief, Sir Douglas Haig, is strongly suggestive of his conduct of the war. Before war became a thing of precise science the headquarters of an army head seethed with all the picturesque details so common to pictures of martial life. Couriers mounted on foam-flecked horses dashed to and fro; the air was vibrant with action; the fate of battle showed on the face of the humblest orderly. But today things are totally different. Although army units have risen from thousands to millions of men, and fields of operations stretch from sea to sea, and more ammunition is expended in a single engagement than was employed in entire wars of other days, absolute serenity prevails. It is only when your imagination conjures up the picture of flame and fury that lies beyond the horizon-line that you get a thrill.—Isaac F. Marcosson in Everybody's.

Flashlights.

About all that jealousy asks to make trouble is a chance.

Fair as women are, even they are no excuse for the so-called ladies' man.

No matter how much a man may neglect his wife it always makes him mad to discover that some other man is slightly interested in her.

This world may owe you a living, but if you don't care enough for it to hustle round and collect it, the world isn't going to do any worrying.

Luck doesn't play nearly so big a part in the other fellow's success as you imagine.

Grenades of Many Types.

The grenade has become one of the leading weapons of the European war. Each belligerent uses several, types, Austria as many as six. Grenades are thrown by hand by means of a special "racket," by catapults, shot from guns and from trench mortars. Hand grenades have a range of some twenty-five or thirty yards. The grenades fired from mortars may range up to five hundred yards. The most powerful grenade is a Danish invention. It is shot from a mortar, weighs about three pounds, and in addition scattering the fragments of its case on explosion, it carries some 250 bullets.

NOT ALL HEROES AT FRONT

Manus Duggan, Twenty-Year-Old Irish Lad, Saves 25 Miners, but Loses His Own Life.

Not all the deeds of bravery are in the war zone. When a fire in the Speculator mine, near Butte, Mont., entombed several hundred men and brought death to 145 others, a twenty-year-old Irish lad named Manus Duggan, known as a "nipper boy," or tool boy, saved 25 miners by his coolness and self-sacrifice. But he paid for devotion to duty with his life. His body was taken from the mine five days later.

When the first flash of flames, smoke and deadly gas cut off all retreat from the mine, Duggan was caught with a number of companions in a distant tunnel. Reared in the mines at Butte, he knew every nook and turn in the underground workings. He guided a party of miners through the tunnels to a spot comparatively free from gas and fire. There he constructed a temporary bulwark. He had few timbers at hand, and principally put off the fire's approach by building a wall of dirt, rocks and clothing taken from his companions and the bodies of those who already had fallen victims to the fire. As fast as one temporary wall was thus constructed, he fell back with his charges and built another. He finally directed the party to a point where their rescue was effected by miners from above. Whether the boy turned back to seek others or was overcome while building his last defense against the rapidly approaching flames and gas, no one seems to know.

But he died at his post and his body was buried among the victims of the grim tragedy.

But what he did will never perish from the memory of 25 men who owe their lives to the "nipper boy," Manus Duggan.

A Vermont Genius.

New England, if we may accept the testimony of the Harwick (Vermont) Gazette, will not let itself be outdone by ancient Greece. Zeuxis, who painted grapes so naturally that the birds came to peck at them, has his worthy rival in Timothy Tripe, a Bellows Falls sign painter.

Tripe completed a mail-order course in sign painting a few days ago, and to show his skill, and incidentally to get a little free advertising, he painted a board fence on the side of a barn that faced on the main street. It was a success artistically, but it got Tripe into trouble.

It looked so natural that several farmers skinned their knuckles trying to hitch their teams to it, and numberless English sparrows wore themselves out trying to alight on it. They would slip down the side of the barn, hit the ground, assume a worried expression, and fly away.

The climax came recently. Tripe has a vicious bulldog, named Francis X. Bushman. The dog chased a book agent down the street. The stranger, in trying to get away, attempted to jump the fence, and drove his head into the barn. He recovered sufficiently to consult a lawyer, and a lawsuit may result.—Youth's Companion.

How Trenches Are Dug.

Each man in an officers' training camp is given an intrenching shovel, about the size of a big tablespoon, and a small pick. He is expected to dig his trench with those small tools. Each man must start lying flat on his stomach and dig himself into the ground. In about two hours an entire system of trenches, beginning with the skirmishers' trench, and ending with the reserve trench, is finished, together with the parapets in front to protect the men from the front to protect the men from the enemy's fire, and the paradoes behind to keep out pieces of bursting shell. After the men have dug their trenches down so they are out of range they sometimes get a shovel a little larger than their intrenching tool. That helps considerably, for the intrenching tool takes out about a quart of earth with each movement. Each man carries his intrenching tools on his back.

Love Schedule.

Girls in love ain't no use during the whole blessed week. Sunday's they're looking down the road, expectin' he'll come. Sunday afternoon they can't think of anything else 'cause he's here!

Monday mornings they're kind of sleepy and dreamy, and slimpsy and good for nothing on Tuesday and Wednesday, Thursday they get absent-minded and begin to look off toward Sunday again, an' mope around and let the dishwater get cold right under their noses. Friday they break dishes and go off in the best room and snivel an' look out of the winder. Saturday they have queer spurts of workin' like all possessed, an' spurts of frizin' their hair. An' Sunday they begin it all over ag'in.—Coopersville Sun.

Joy Riding in Army.

Joy riding seems to be a regular sport of French army officers. According to charges of reckless extravagance made against the touring-car section of the French army, the officers think that the cars they use are their own private property. Indeed, competition is rampant, each officer wanting the best machine and the most expensive assortment of accessories, says the report. The cost of 26 cars for the general headquarters staff cost $170,000. Three thousand dollars is the annual upkeep per car. The only remedy, as France now sees it, is to refuse to allow any officer, no matter what his rank, to have a personal car.—Popular Science Monthly.

HOME TOWN HELPS

SITE MATTER OF IMPORTANCE

Should Be Selected by Home Builder Only After Many Things Are Taken Into Consideration.

Selection of the proper site, the one most adapted to the style of structure contemplated, is a question of great importance to the prospective home builder. Many features should be considered in choosing the location. All of the reasons why much care should be exercised in picking the right situation have an important bearing on the enjoyment of the home by the occupants.

Proximity to the business of the head of the house and to transit facilities, schools and church should be ascertained before a site is decided upon. Other features to be considered are advantages from a public-facilities viewpoint—good streets, drainage, gas and water supplies and sanitation. Healthiness and beauty of location, street lighting, privacy and general character of the neighborhood are other features to be investigated.

Relation of the site's value and surroundings to the proposed cost of the contemplated home should be considered. Size of the lot should also greatly influence the style of building. The type of the home should be determined by definite conditions, in which the character of the site and surroundings are of predominating importance.

While a prospective builder may have in his imagination an adaptation or reproduction of a period design, it is very frequently unwise to permit such an imagination to be the deciding factor as to what design a home should represent. Errors in construction are often made through placing a reproduced design in an inappropriate setting, where a uniquely constructed dwelling is entirely out of place with its surroundings.

CITY PLANTS SHADE TREES

Women of Oakland, Cal., Aid Superintendent of Parks in Beautification of Residence Streets.

All of the big residential streets in Oakland are to be planted with shade trees, according to Lee S. Kerfoot, superintendent of parks. He will be assisted in the matter by local society women.

The plan had its inception at afternoon teas and other social gatherings where society women met. The subject of lining the residence streets with trees of uniform growth and species was often discussed, and a committee appointed to take the matter up.

According to the park superintendent, the plan is to use trees grown by the city in its conservatories in Lakeside park. Poplars, willows and eucalytus will probably be used, and no two varieties will be planted on any one street.

Ain't It So?

If you want to live in the kind
of a town
Like the kind of a town you
like,
You needn't slip your clothes
in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.

You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing really new.
It's a knock to yourself when
you knock your town,
It isn't your town—it's you.

Real towns are not made by
men afraid
Lest somebody else gets
ahead;
When everyone works and nobody shirks
You can raise a town from the
dead.

And if you can make your personal stake,
Your neighbor can make one,
too.
Your town will be what you
want to see;
It isn't your town—it's you.

Dotted Line.

Getting Privacy About Home.

Within the last few years Americans have begun to discover that the land about their house should be treated as a part of the home and that it should have the charm of intimacy and privacy. They have reverted to the ways of the early Colonial days, when the fence was not only a protection but an ornamental part of the grounds. Some of the fences around the old houses in Salem, Mass.; in Charleston, S. C., and elsewhere bear witness to the state and dignity of the persons who lived behind them, and through the gates one still gets glimpses of charms that would lose by half if they were not secluded and kept for the persons who live in the houses of which they form the setting.

We are even borrowing the foreign idea, hesitatingly, of turning our houses about, with their backs to the street and their fronts to a garden of lawn and flowers which may be as fully and freely enjoyed as the most comfortable living room in the house